

About Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

LIONEL BARRYMORE is to appear in "The Claw," by Henri Bernstein, Arthur Hopkins, the producer, has arranged to launch the production Monday night at the Plymouth Theatre, Boston. Irene Fenwick and Doris Rankin will have the leading feminine roles. Others in the cast are Charles Kennedy, E. J. Ballantine and Giorgio Majeroni.

THIS IS IMPORTANT.

A reader asks us to print the "respective heights" of David Warfield and Dudley Digges. We're going out with our tape measure to-day and see if we can catch those two lads. Service, you know, is our middle name.

PLAYWRIGHTS TO ACT.

In the cast of "A Dangerous Man," which the Messrs. Shubert will produce, will be four playwrights. They are Alan Brooks, A. W. Peet, Harry Wagstaff Gribble and Bertram Marsh. We pity the poor stage director at rehearsals.

ROSS HELPED WRITE IT.

Thomas W. Ross is proud of the fact that he acted in "Shore Acres" when James A. Herne tried it out with the Boston Museum stock company.

"Not only that," said Mr. Ross, just before the performance of "The Wheel" at the Gaiety last night, "but I helped write it."

"How come?" asked Joe Drum. "I had the part of a postman with not a line to say. I had to walk on the stage and hand a boy a piece of candy. At the first performance I said: 'Here, boy, is a piece of candy for you.' And the line stayed in. 'Shore Acres' was a great success, but I never received a cent in royalties."

McKEE TO LEAVE SAVAGE.

John McKee, for thirteen years general stage director for Henry W. Savage, is to branch out. He intends to be a free-lance director and make productions for other managers, as well as for Mr. Savage. The reason, he says, is due to "an insatiable desire for expansion—to produce more plays in a season than any one manager could sponsor." In other words, John wants to speed up.

PENELLA TO PRODUCE.

Manuel Penella, the Spanish composer and conductor, has arrived in New York from Cadix and is making plans to produce his opera, "El Gato Montés," under the title of "The Wild Cat." The opera will be sung in English by American principals.

A FOOLISH QUESTION.

Al Jennings, who talks to-morrow night at the Belmont Theatre on "Through the Shadows with O. Henry," tells us that the noted short story writer once borrowed a dollar from him. "A few days later," says Al, "I was hard up and said to him: 'Bill, have you got that dollar I loaned you?' 'Of course not!' he replied. 'What do you think I borrowed it for?'"

GOSSIP.

Lep Solomon is now treasurer at the Music Box.

The Irish Players visited Mayor Hylan at City Hall yesterday.

In thirteen days 152,000 people have seen "Get Together" at the Hippodrome.

Col. Fred Levy of Louisville, Ky., who owns theatres and stores, is here seeing the sights.

Melita Milton, of "Swords" writes short stories in her spare time and actually sells them.

Louis J. Brecker of the Roseland Corporation is the daddy of a new boy who will be named Richard Lee.

Babe Ruth is going into vaudeville after he gets through slugging 'em out. Now—all together: "Babe ought to make a hit!"

William T. Clarke has been engaged for the cast of "Main Street," opening in Stamford Sept. 25.

Russell Mack will be in Al Johnson's play, "Bombo." He used to be a bank teller but gave it up for ART.

After to-night's performance "The Whirl of New York" will leave the Winter Garden and go to the Wilbur, Boston.

An exhibition fox trot contest will be held to Broadway Jones's music at the Terrace Garden Dance Palace Tuesday night. It is open to all dancers. There will be three prizes.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Five men, convicted in Washington, N. C., of stealing auto supplies, were sentenced to attend church regularly for one year.

FOOLISHMENT.

I know a man named Musty Brown. Who never is known to wear a frown. The reason he controls himself I do not know, you little elf!

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.

"If the devil had his choice which one of us would he take first?" "Me, of course! He knows he can get you any time."

THE MODERN STANDARD.

"SOME of us," said Bishop Mitch. "sell at a St. Paul missionary meeting, 'are prone to judge everything by the money standard. A book is no good unless it's a best seller. An artist is no good unless he's getting rich. When we judge things that way we're as bad as little Samuel."

"Little Samuel went out one day to buy his brother a birthday present. He bought a jar of goldfish. 'Gold-fish! Don't it sound rich?' he said to his father on his return. And he carried the goldfish gaily upstairs to his room."

"But a half-hour later he rushed down to his father again. 'Father,' he groaned, 'we've been stung. There ain't gold. They wouldn't stand the acid.'—Washington Sta.

OUR YOUNGER POETS

Mose Bentben, a schoolboy living on Fox Street, the Bronx, is to-day's candidate for easter oil lollypop honors. Hurry up, children, and get in the game. The contest will last but one more week. Here's Mose's rhyme:

In school I had to sing a song
On entertainment day,
And Izzie Cohen sat and grinned
Just like a brainless jay.
I can't lick Izzie; he's too big.
But I'll get square, all right.
I'll lick his little brother, Ike,
Some dark and stormy night.

TO OPEN IN OSSINING.

New it is Ossining that is to have a "first night." Leo Kugel has decided to open "The Six-Fifty" in that famous village adjoining Sing Sing, and the reason is this—Lillian Albertson lives in Ossining, and she heads the cast of the comedy. Miss Albertson, by the way, is returning to the stage after a vacation of three years.

THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY



LITTLE MARY MIXUP



KATINKA



Some of the Day's Good Stories

TERRIBLE EXAMPLE.

"WHY do you turn out for every road hog that comes along?" said the misanthrope. "The right of way is ours, isn't it?" "Oh, undoubtedly!" answered he, calmly. "As for our turning out, the reason is plainly suggested in this epitaph which appeared in a newspaper recently: 'Here lies the body of William Jay. Who died maintaining his right of way.' He was right, dead right, as he sped along. But he's just as dead as if he'd been wrong."—Boston Transcript.

"BOY" BEHIND THE VOICE.

A BUSINESS man who was in a great hurry called up an establishment that had failed to deliver goods as ordered. A tiny, boyish voice was heard at the other end of the line: "What is it that you wish?" "Mr. Jones, boy, and hurry." "All right," and the receiver was hung up. In a few minutes it was taken down and the small voice replied: "Mr. Jones is not in. Can I help you?" "See here, boy," snapped the man

who was in a hurry. "I want to talk with some one who can do business. When I need the office boy I will call for him. The way for you to get along is to let other things alone and attend to your own duties." "That's what I am trying to do," meekly said the small voice. "I am the President of the company," said Philadelphia Ledger.

SATISFACTORY REDUCTION.

D. COLLINS is of a somewhat facetious turn when he thinks the occasion warrants. One day when he approached a patient in the hospital the sick man raised his head and asked: "Say, doctor, what do you call this fever of mine, anyway?" "I should say," remarked the doctor, after a look at his clinical thermometer, "that it is something of a bargain—103 reduced to 98."—Philadelphia Ledger.

HIS HANDICAP.

"WELL!" interestingly ejaculated a motorist who had stopped his vehicle to pick up a young fellow in the big road. "So you were going to walk ten miles to town in your bare feet? You are a pretty big fellow to be going barefoot." "Yep, I'm twenty years old," replied

young Judd Jogg of Straddle Ridge, Ark. "I've worn shoes off and on for a year or so, but the darned things make me so clumsy I can't run down a rabbit to save my life!"—Kansas City Star.

BEFOGGING THE JURY.

"MARTIN lawyer you have." "He seems to be," said Mr. Cobble. "But I don't know whether he's the man to help me win my lawsuit or not." "What's the matter with him?" "Oh, he's powerful sharp, but I don't see any use of quoting famous Greeks and Romans and a lot of other people I never heard of before simply because a train ran over my Jersey cow."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

THOSE FUNNY DYSPETICS.

"DYSPEPTIC" are funny people, said Dr. Elery C. Chamberlain, Chicago dietitian. "Dyspeptic," he went on, "are all alike. I heard a typical dyspeptic giving an order in a Loop restaurant after the opera the other night. The man is a millionaire, and he said: 'Oh, dear, dear, when I was young I could eat anything and pay for nothing, but now that I am able to pay for anything I can eat nothing.' Bring me, waiter, a broiled lobster."

Welsh rabbit, a piece of cherry pie with Roquefort cheese and a plate of banana ice cream to top off with."—Miami Herald.

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

"ATTENDING" the actor in London, says an American playgoer, "on the occasion of the production of a play wherein the chief figure, the King, aged and infirm, was dressed with two sons. He was pacing up and down the stage with a weary look, exclaiming aloud: 'On which of those my sons shall I bestow the crown?' 'Immediately came a voice from the gallery: 'Why not art a crown apiece, guv'ner?'—Philadelphia Ledger.

WOULD BE REASONABLY BUSY.

A S. Mason Mount, Superintendent of the Howe button factory of Petersburg, was reading his evening paper, his little daughter, Mary, aged six, was playing on the floor. Hearing of play she crawled to her father's knee and asked him: "Does the lord call me all the people who are bad?" The father, not looking up from his paper, replied, "I suppose." The child studied for a moment and then said: "Does he burn them all up? Some little boys told me he did." Again the child, not satisfied, asked the father where they went after he burned them all up. The father, irritated, replied that

he supposed they all went to ashes. The child studied for a few minutes and then said: "Gee, he must have an awful job carrying out ashes!"—Indianapolis News.

PROUD MOMENT.

A N. old gentleman was interviewing applicants for the post of gardener. The one before him did not look promising, but the old gentleman thought he would give him a fair chance. "How long were you in your last place?" he asked. "A month, sir." "That's not long. And the place before that?" "Three months, sir," the applicant replied boldly. "That's better now, and the time before that?" The applicant drew himself up proudly and said: "There weren't no time before that, sir. I got off with a \$10 fine."—Los Angeles Times.

THE UNTOLD TALE.

LADY rang the Advocate telephone Monday morning, as it rings a hundred times a day. But in this instance, the lady started to give an item for the paper. The reporter interrupted: "Wait a minute, please, till I get a pencil." But the lady never hesitated, but kept on with the item. "Hold on a second," protested the reporter. "I'm not getting this can't remember it all—wait till I get a

pencil," and then left the telephone to go to the desk for a pad and pencil. Returning to the receiver, the reporter heard the woman's voice just concluding: "and be sure you put it in to-night's paper," and click! She hung up.

MADE IT ALL RIGHT.

THE new office boy had been sent to the Post Office by his chief with two important letters. "Did you mail those letters?" asked the chief on his return. "Yes, sir, just mailed them," was the reply. "But you made a mistake—you put a 2-cent stamp on the letter to Italy and a 5-cent stamp on the one to Seattle." "How annoying," said his master. "What did you do?" "Oh, I made it all right, sir," said the boy cheerfully. "I noticed it just in time, so I slipped into the Post office and altered the addresses."—Chicago Herald.

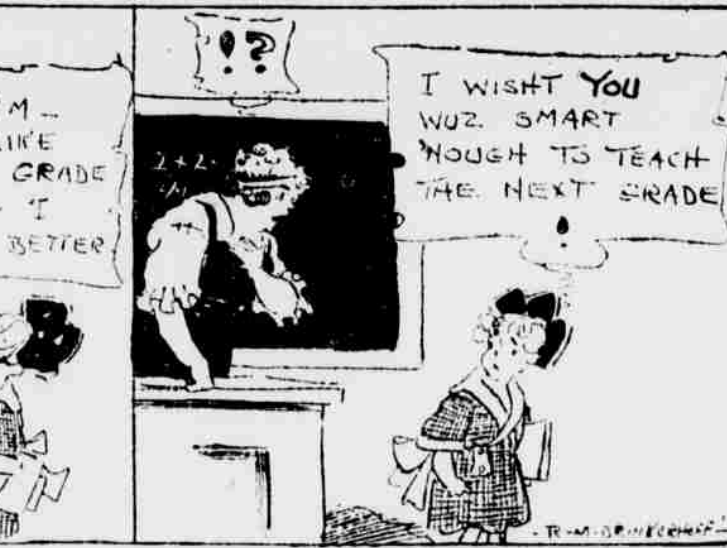
LIFE'S LITTLE COURTESIES.

STILLWELL seemed in none too good a humor when he got home from the office. "Hang it all!" he exclaimed. "We'll have to call on the Mertons to-night!" "Why, Henry," said Mrs. Stillwell, "you said you wanted to stay home with me in comfort to-night." "Yes, but Morton told Collins he and his wife meant to call on us to-night. We can leave their house earlier than we could make them leave ours."—Philadelphia Ledger.

And Keep Your Eye on the Ball!



A Left-Handed Compliment!



Just Ducks the Wholesale Rate!



NewsCinders

By SHIRAZ

CORONA MAN BEATS WIFE TO MAKE HER VOTE. PUTTING THE SUFFER IN WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

OH YOU SWEETIE AMERICAN SOLDIERS ADVISED AGAINST FLIRTING IN GERMANY. PROTECTING AMERICAN SPOONS.

STRAW HATS RULED PROPER IN PITTSBURGH TILL OCT. 15. THIS IS THE SEASON FOR STRAW VOTES.

YEAST CAKES FOR SALE HERE GRAPE GROWING PROFITS TREBLED BY PROHIBITION. THERE'S MANY RAISINS FOR IT.

HAREM IS BEST FOR WIVES, SAYS TURKISH WOMAN. WHERE WE DRAW THE VEIL.

OH RITA OH DAISY DROP IN AND SEE US AIRPLANE DROPS \$200 CHECK BETTER THAN DROPPING 200 FEET.

VOLIVA OF ZION CITY INSISTS EARTH IS FLAT. SURE! FLAT BROKE.

WIFE BRINGS OUT FIRE-MEN TO DOUSE HUSBY'S HOT WORDS. RED HOT LANGUAGE HAS PUT MANY A PERSON OUT.

CANDY MAKERS WANT OCT. 8. SET ASIDE AS NATIONAL "CANDY DAY." SOME SWEET IDEA.

FOR LOANS SEE UNCLE SAM.